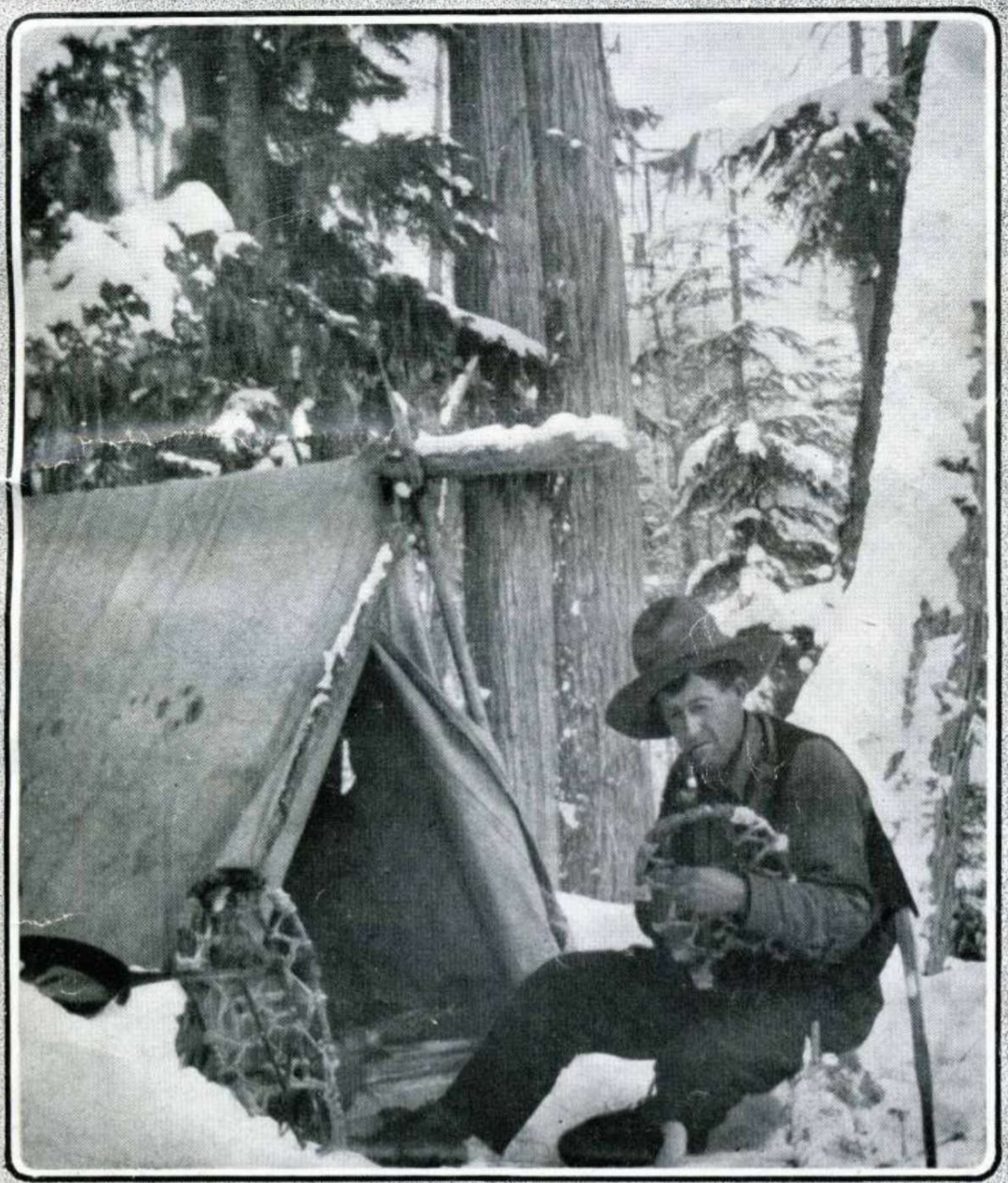
VOL. V. FEBRUARY 1924 NO. V

The Beaver

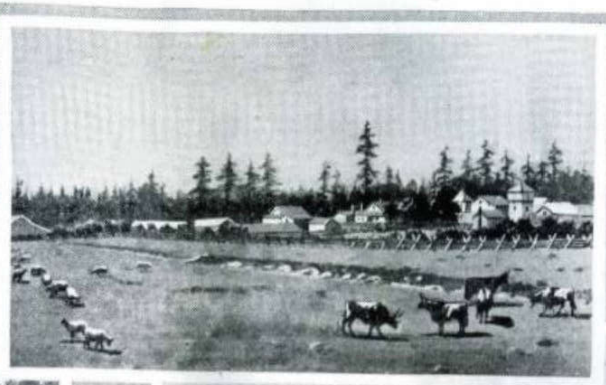
A Journal of Progress



Devoted to the Interests of Those Who Serve the Hudson's Bay Company

The Birthplace of a Great State

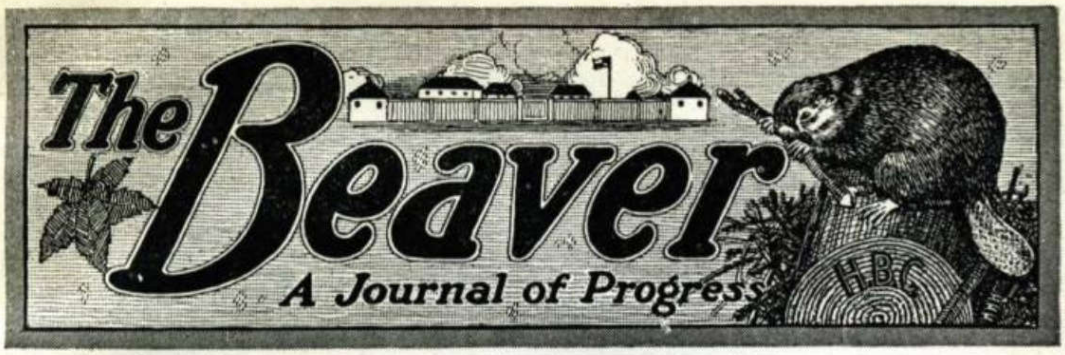
The view at the right shows Old Fort Nisqually as it appeared in 1870; it was copied from a drawing made by an English Army Officer. The original is preserved at Ferry Museum, Tacoma, Washington.



Below: This building was known as the Montgomery house; it is one of the original group built in 1854 and is now appropriately marked by a sign near the door.

This is one of the original buildings built by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1843 when Fort Nisqually was re-established. It is conceded to be the oldest building on Puget Sound.

By permission the matter on the opposite page is extracted from an interesting article which appeared in "The Du Pont Magazine" of October, 1923, under the name of T. E. Doremus, Seattle, Manager of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc. Acknowledgment is also made to P. C. Lanham, Du Pont, Washington, for the photographs reproduced.—Editor.



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VOL. IV FEBRUARY 1924 No. 5

The Birthplace of a Great State

MANY thrilling tales centre around the old trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company in the Pacific northwest. They hark back to the days when fur traders were the only white men in a region as vast as an empire. These hardy pioneers of trade and progress met life in the raw, faced wild animals, endured terrible hardships, fought roving bands of savages, and traded cloths and trinkets for beaver furs with friendly tribes. Pathfinders in a wilderness, envoys of great national interests, they were nation builders. Theirs was a life full of action, adventure, intrigue, romance, conquest. History and fiction are full of their exploits; no wonder the few remaining landmarks of these stirring pioneer days are being preserved. They should be.

And that is the story here. For when E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., acquired the present site of its black powder and high explosives plant at Du Pont, Washington, in 1906, title was passed for a tract of land of unusual historic interest. It was there the first efforts were made by white men to develop fur trade territory in the western part of what is now the state of Washington. Within the present powder plant area, the Hudson's Bay Company in 1833 built its first fort in the Puget Sound district north of the Columbia river.

At that time the "Oregon Country" was held jointly with Great Britain under the treaty of 1818; nevertheless the occupation of the land, and particularly the fur trading rights, were so vigorously disputed by rival companies that every trading post was a fort protected by stockades and bastions. Indian attacks were hardly more feared than the assaults of armed brigades of rival traders.

The year 1832 saw the first activities of the white man on the grounds where the Du Pont plant is now located. In that year a small party of traders from Fort Vancouver landed where the Du Pont wharf is now situated and built a small cabin there. They lived in it until the following year, when with reinforcements they erected a stockade and building

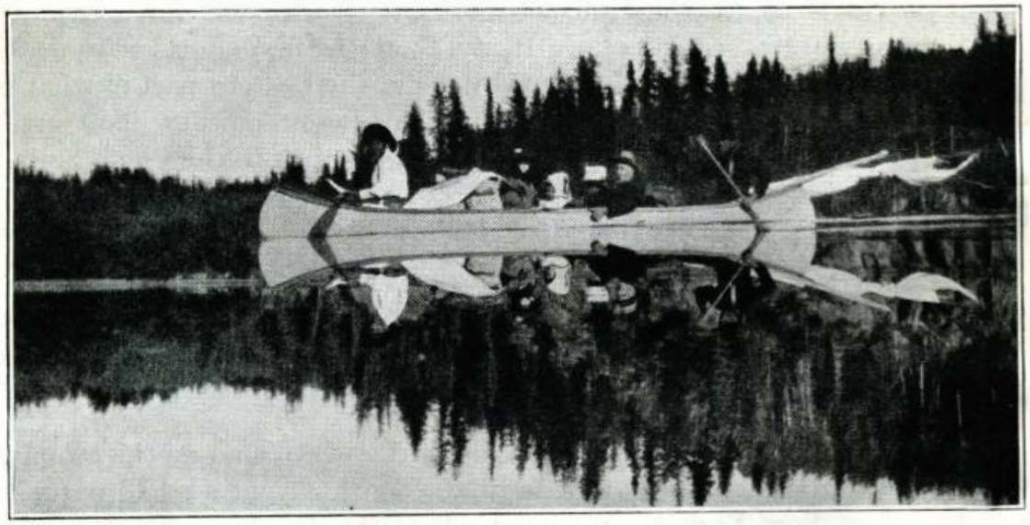
known as Fort Nisqually. It was a half-way house between the Columbia and the Fraser rivers, between Fort Vancouver and Fort Langley. The Hudson's Bay Company conducted its fur trading business here for ten years.

During the decade 1833-1843, the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, a subsidiary of the Hudson's Bay Company, was formed with an authorized capital of 200,000 pounds. Five thousand acres of land were set aside as a farm to supply the inland posts with live stock, farm and dairy products and to ship meat and dairy products to England and Alaska. The old fort proved too small to house the activities of both concerns, so in 1843 a new location was chosen at what is now known as Old Town. Here a stockade and buildings similar to the old ones were built on a larger scale. The palisade surrounding rebuilt Fort Nisqually was fifteen feet high, with bastions on top at the corners. One of the buildings is standing today and is conceded to be the oldest building on Puget sound.

In 1852 quite an elaborate house was built and used as a residence and headquarters of the factors of the Hudson's Bay Company until the year 1869, when the territory passed into the hands of the United States under the terms of the Ashburton treaty with Great Britain. From this place was conducted all of the extensive fur and agricultural business of the Hudson's Bay Company and its subsidiary. Stocks amounting to as much as $100,000 were carried in the original log store building which stood at the end of the factor's residence.

Edward Huggins, who had come around the Horn in the 30's and had worked up to the position, was the last factor of the fort.

While the preservation of historical landmarks may seem a strange enterprise for the du Pont Company to engage in, it is in line with the time-honoured traditions of the organization.



C-11

What is wrong with this Picture?

Angus McKay (gold medallist) and his family, taken when he was in charge of Lac la Ronge post, in Saskatchewan district.

H. G. Munro

By JACK PREST, Associate Editor, Edmonton

SHORT in stature, dapper and immaculate, with a strong and pleasing personality, such is H. G. Munro. He is a man of few words, talks deliberately and to the point. He has a happy humour in his make-up and is ever ready with a story.

H. G. Munro has the distinction at present of being the youngest H.B.C. store manager. He is just thirty-eight years of age.

H. G. Munro, Manager Edmonton Store

He was born at St. Catharines, Ontario, in 1885. His business career commenced early, for at the age of thirteen he entered the employ of the T. Eaton Company, of Toronto, with whom he stayed for fifteen years till the end of 1913. During that period he had charge of a number of sections and made a study of stores systems. He was called upon on different occasions to reorganize and systematise departments. He then joined the staff of the W. H. Scroggie Company, of Montreal, and, when that firm was taken over by Almys Limited, he stayed with the business, being made merchandise manager and superintendent. He left that position in 1922 to become manager of the Hudson's Bay Company's retail store at Edmonton.

Since that time encouraging progress has been made at Edmonton, and the store is on a good business basis and ready for the large increase in business which is confidently anticipated. Mr. Munro, on his coming, made many drastic changes in the store; departments were combined and absorbed by others, and all unnecessary frills were dispensed with, the result being that the overhead expenses of the store were greatly reduced.

H. G. Munro is a public man in many ways and has become closely associated with civic and social affairs. He is a great lover of horses and the founder and president of the Edmonton Saddle Club, which has a membership of one hundred and twenty-five. Horse riding is quickly becoming the premier sport of the city of Edmonton.

A good organiser, gifted with a fine memory and deeply interested in those who are working under him, Mr. Munro has gradually gained the esteem of his fellow workers, without which progress is impossible.

Little Hints on How to Write

By ROBERT WATSON

No. 4, Style

GOOD style in writing might be interpreted as a composite of all the natural, inborn graces and virtues of a writer given out by him through the medium of what he writes: the expression of the man as produced by his environment, his education, his personal temperament and his ancestry. It cannot be acquired by study, by imitation or even by practice, although study and practice go a long way in the final cultivation of it.

Some writers could never acquire a good style, because it is not in them to begin with; they are like the crow trying to pass for a nightingale; like the organ-grinder who, as he turns the handle, fancies himself a musician.

Style in writing changes rapidly. The more plain and simple it is in its form, the longer it is likely to be fashionable. The styles of Richardson and De Quincey, although popular in their own time and for some time after, are now considered more or less old-fashioned and prosy.

A book may live for a time because of its current appeal, because of its plot, or its quaintness, its strange incidents or its humour; but without good literary style to back it up it can never attain to the elevation of what we vaguely term a classic. We read Thoreau for his philosophies and his pleasing style; Van Dyke and Emerson for style and loftiness of thought; Stevenson for style and story; while we read Jack London, E. P. Oppenheim, Zane Grey, etc., for the story alone. It is fairly obvious which of these two classes of writers is likely to live the longer. It is one thing to be able to invent an interesting tale and it is another thing to be able to set it down on paper, but to find one who can do both tolerably well is to find a rarity indeed.

Good style does not mean a straining after fine phrases and high-sounding words. When these are particularly aimed at, the shadow of the showman behind the curtain can be seen pulling the strings of his dancing puppets and the smell of his smoking oil lamps is disagreeably noticeable. Where good style is present the craftsman is never visible. Good style is the ability to express one's thoughts in good English so simply and naturally that the presence of style, like a fragrant perfume, can be sensed but not analysed. In literature style is the final arbiter of longevity.

The mind must be in tune with the ear and the ear must be keyed in harmony with rhyme and rhythm before good style is born. As Joseph Conrad—one of the finest stylists of modern times, possibly the greatest living English writer—has put it:

"He who wants to persuade should put his trust not in the right argument, but in the right word. The power of sound has always been

greater than the power of sense. . . . It is better for mankind to be impressionable than reflective."

Of course, one may drive to the extreme in the choosing of words, as did Barrie's Sentimental Tommy when he stuck in his essay because he could not remember the exact word with just the proper shade of meaning to fit into an early sentence, and, refusing to proceed until he had found it, he was ignominiously beaten by the time limit, his essay unfinished and someone else with less ability proclaimed the winner of the scholarship. Tommy was doubtless a greater stylist than the victor in the competition, but he did not prove it to his examiners as he might have done had he been content with the next best word in this particular instance and gone on and completed his essay.

I remember being at one time in possession of a strange yet cleverly executed water-colour painting. It was a winter scene on a farm, with snow and ice in abundance, but in the foreground there was an apple tree in full blossom. Now, to depict a snow scene is perfectly good form, and to paint an apple tree smothered in blossom is quite in accordance with good taste, but to endeavour to combine the two is poor art—indeed is not art at all. And so with composition: each subject demands its own particular style in handling; and here again only the writer's inherent good taste can inform him which method of handling will be best suited to his theme.

Too much punctuation is detrimental to a good, flowing style.

It is true that some writers have become famous in defiance of any style, so called. Charles Dickens for instance! He could hardly be cited as an example for the literary tyro to follow. The journalist and reporter continually bobs up through his writingcraft; but his bigness of heart, the breadth of his vision, the keenness of his sense of humour and pathos, his inimitable characterisation, all shine forth and proclaim his genius in spite of all that has ever been said in behalf of literary style.

Behind everything that is worth while stands the individual. Let the individual be himself and reproduce on paper the best that is in him in the best form possible to him and he can do no more, for after all there are no rules that one can slavishly follow. Madame de Stael, that strange French writer, sweeps the entire house of words aside with one sentence: "Rules are only barriers to keep children from falling."

"Verses for My Friends"

This is the companionable title of an interesting volume of Canadian verses published by Bernard McEvoy in Vancouver by Cowan & Brookhouse Limited. There are no cameo-cut, marble-like, cold, bloodless poems in this collection of 135. They sing of everyday things, of everyday people, and are as diversified as the days of the year. Mr. McEvoy is an old practical hand at the writing game, possibly the oldest journalist in Canada daily in the harness of newspaper work, being over 83 years of age. He has published other volumes of poetry, is a prominent member of the staff of the Vancouver *Daily Province*, and is deeply interested in art.

A Brush With a Submarine

By R. G. F.

ONE night in March, a thick pall of fog lay over the harbour of Rosyth, and only with difficulty could we make out the blinking arc-lamp which was telling us to raise steam at once and convoy thirty-five cargo steamers from Norway, Sweden and Denmark. Soon an orderly bustle prevailed and everything was made in readiness for sea in wartime, especially our depth charges. These are made of two hundred pounds of high explosive and are dropped from the stern of vessels going at high speed, with the idea that they will blow up when they reach a certain depth and thus force in the sides of an enemy submarine if it is sufficiently near.

We got under way at eleven o'clock and proceeded out of harbour under easy steam on account of the fog. Everything was peaceful until two o'clock in the morning, when we received a signal from the C.-in-C. saying that an incoming convoy had lost itself and might be expected anywhere. Just after we had received this message, we heard faint sounds ahead and the officer of the watch, as an extra precaution, ordered all water-tight doors to be closed. The tension was great as, with twenty ships coming at one in a thick fog and with three consorts following close behind, anything might happen, especially in those days when most of the experienced merchant marine officers were in the navy itself or dead.

With all guns manned and loaded ready for instant action, we suddenly switched on a searchlight right ahead, which disclosed a Norwegian steamer just off our port bow about 100 yards away. By mistake the steamer put her helm the wrong way and turned towards us, and a nasty accident was averted only by the prompt action of our officer of the watch in using his engines to turn the ship. We just touched her with our bow and broke off her port light, which fell onto our deck still burning with its red light towards us. A narrow shave!

A torpedo was seen at this moment to be coming towards us, which luckily passed right under our bottom. This locality was obviously not healthy. In spite of the pea-soup fog, we chose the lesser of the two evils and pushed on with our squadron at full speed. At daybreak the weather was sufficiently clear for us to pick up our proper convoy and we started off on our three-day trip.

On the first day out, two porpoises and three floating logs were mistaken, the former for submarines and the latter for floating mines, which occasioned much scurrying to and fro of the escorting destroyers and light cruisers. When during the night it started to blow fairly hard, we sent up peans of thanksgiving, for although portions of the convoy might be temporarily lost in a storm they could not be sunk, as it would be too rough for the submarines to operate.

Our hopes were premature however, for next day broke on as lovely weather as could well be imagined. Suddenly one of the ships hoisted a signal that she had seen a German submarine, and our consternation was great when we saw that the ship who had signalled was a destroyer, as that meant business. Shortly afterwards an explosion was seen and one of the ships indicated that she had been hit by a torpedo; but the joke was on Fritz as that particular ship couldn't sink if she had tried, as she was a wooden ship and carried a cargo of wooden pit-props.

Noises were heard from the telephone that connected our bridge with the kite-balloon which was being towed from our stern a thousand feet up in the air, and we thought that the officer up aloft had gone mad. When he made us understand through his excitement that, due to the lovely weather and extraordinary weather conditions, we had a day in a thousand, and that he could actually see the submarine where it lay submerged, we thanked the Lord that the enemy had been delivered into our hands and started the delightful game of cat and mouse—if you're the cat!

The convoy was ordered to turn together to starboard and a couple of destroyers told to stand by the torpedoed vessel. The rest of the destroyers and the four light cruisers, directed by the officer in the balloon, then proceeded to the spot where the submarine lay and dropped depth charges over the place. A destroyer was lucky enough actually to hit the submarine with one, and then, picking up enough of the remnants of the submarine to convince the hard-hearted officials of the Admiralty bounty division that we really had sunk a German submarine, we wended our happy way home.

Another Prize Problem

A prize of two dollars will be awarded to the sender of the correctly worked out solution of the following whose envelope is first opened on March 31st, 1924. This gives outside points a better chance to compete. Mark your envelope "Prize Problem," care of Editor *The Beaver*.

Hanging over a pulley there is a rope with a weight at one end, and at the other end hangs a monkey of equal weight. The rope weighs four ounces per foot. The combined ages of the monkey and its mother are four years, and the weight of the monkey is as many pounds as its mother is years old. The mother is twice as old as the monkey was when the mother was half as old as the monkey will be when the monkey is three times as old as its mother was when she was three times as old as the monkey was. The weight of the rope and weight is half as much again as the difference between the weight of the weight and the weight of the weight plus the weight of the monkey. What is the length of the rope?

Reminiscences of H.B.C. Pioneers

No. 4, Hon. Richard Hardisty

By EDMUND TAYLOR, Calgary

LONG before the steel rails of commerce came that way, there was born in 1832 at the Hudson's Bay trading post of Sturgeon Falls, on the North shore of Lake Nipissing, one who was destined to share largely in the development of Western Canada during its most interesting stage of progress.

Hon. Richard Hardisty

The parents, Richard Hardisty, senior, and Margaret, his wife, who came from a Scottish family of note, had six sons and four daughters. Four of the sons rose to high offices in the Hudson's Bay Company's service, and one of the daughters became the wife of Lord Strathcona, afterwards governor of the Company and high commissioner for Canada in London. The second son, William Lucas Hardisty, was the father of Lady Lougheed, of Calgary.

Richard Hardisty, junior, the subject of this sketch, was educated at Red River academy (Rev. John MacCallum), which afterwards became St. John's College, Winnipeg, in the days when the latter was Fort Garry. Entering the Company's service in 1849, Mr. Hardisty was stationed successively at Fort Garry, Cumberland House, Fort Carlton, Victoria (Alberta), and finally at Edmonton. He attained commissioned officer's rank of factor in 1873, and that of chief factor in 1875. At thirty-four he married Eliza Victoria, daughter of the venerable missionary, Rev. George McDougall, who in 1876 met a tragic death by freezing in a blizzard near the site of the present city of Calgary. Three children of this marriage still survive—Mrs. J. E. Graham, of Calgary; Major Richard Hardisty (Merchiston-Edinburgh, 1885-1887), of Summerland, B.C.; and Captain Percy Hardisty (Merchiston-Edinburgh, 1891-1894), of Edmonton.

Kees-Chee Oo-ke-mawh Me-cush-che-quan Amisk-a-chee Wass-ky-e-un was the Cree appellation which Mr. Hardisty was proud to be known by among the Indian tribes on the Saskatchewan during the '70's and '80's. The name stood for something in those stirring days in a place far from civilization and troops, surrounded by warlike tribes who knew that at all times they had the small white population at their mercy. Translated, it meant "Red-head, the Great Master of the Beaver House." Beaver house was the Indian name for the present capital of the province of Alberta—Edmonton.

It will have been inferred from the steady advance in position and rank in a service noted for its conservatism that Mr. Hardisty must have

possessed administrative abilities above the ordinary. This was so. During his regime in the Edmonton fur trade district the business of the Company was conspicuously successful.

Edmonton was in those days the great transportation clearing station for the northern fur trade districts of McKenzie's river, Athabasca and Peace river, and the supplies for those northern points had to go forward in orderly manner and on time or great loss, hardship or even worse would result. This service was built up and maintained to such a point of perfection that missionaries, their wives, the traders and Indians of the far north never had the slightest misgivings that their necessary food and supplies would not be forthcoming, nor were they ever disappointed. Because it was such an important traffic station, thousands of missionaries, traders, explorers and surveyors had to pass that way, and the official residence of the Hardisty family was for years almost a continuous "house-party" with many guests basking in cheerful hospitality, for which frontier places are often renowned, especially when the hosts know how to entertain and take pleasure in making their guests comfortable.

As the years progressed, Mr. Hardisty responded to the needs of changed conditions and instituted flour mills, lumber mills, and caused the Company to become the pioneer cattle ranchers in the north after the buffalo made their last trek southward about 1878.

It was in the year 1887 that the first constituency for the Canadian House of Commons was set up in the then district of Alberta. This riding roughly covered the whole of the present province of Alberta from the international boundary to Athabasca Landing. Mr. Hardisty contested the first election in this riding against D. W. Davis, of MacLeod. Owing, however, to the larger population in the south where Davis was better known, the latter won the seat. The same year, however, during the premiership of Sir John A. Macdonald, Mr. Hardisty became the first senator for Alberta, and also in the same year the Hudson's Bay Company honoured him with the appointment of inspecting chief factor, with jurisdiction over their northern department comprising Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and the territories to the north of those provinces.

It was during his first official inspection tour, while driving from Qu-'Appelle to Broadview to meet Lord Stanley, then governor-general of Canada, and in company with Chief Factor Archibald MacDonald, his lifelong friend, that Mr. Hardisty met with an accident that resulted in his death at Winnipeg on the 15th October, 1889. His widow, who shared his triumphs and trials, and who because of her own personality has hosts of friends in every part of Canada, spends much of her time at Edmonton.

And thus closed in its prime a life devoted, like many another, to the service of a corporation which, because of its general fair and wise method of ruling, was able to command and hold the loyal and best efforts of its officers and servants, to the end that the corporation itself, during critical periods of Canada's history, became a factor for good in the welding of the Dominion and of the empire.

Confidence

By QUIS SEPARABIT

CONFIDENCE, like creed, is a form of belief: we believe or have faith in certain persons, things, theories or principles and having tested them we signify the result of such tests by saying we have confidence; in other words, they have measured up to the required standard and in our opinion will give satisfaction under normal conditions.

Having got so far with confidence, let us make it a matter that refers to the personal pronoun. It is very easy to make the declaration, "I believe in myself." Here, therefore, is the point where we must decide between personal confidence and egotism. The gulf between them is so wide that there is no possibility, short of absolute stupidity, of mistaking the one for the other. There is also a form of self-assurance known as brazen effrontery. It is generally the stock-in-trade of all plausible persons who somehow manage to live by their wits. It is also met with in persons of weak or abnormal minds. This type of mentality is quite distinct from either confidence or egotism, and there can be no reasonable excuse for confusing any of the three. We now set out with the theory that we believe in ourselves: that we can do whatever anyone else can do. We may redeem our personal conviction so far as *we* are concerned, but our work then is only half done: we must be approved by others or our confidence becomes simply a mild form of egotism.

The world has furnished, and is supplying daily, many excellent examples of personal confidence justified by the testimony of others. Benjamin Disraeli, who later became Earl of Beaconsfield, is one out of many in this class. His "maiden" speech in the imperial parliament was a great disappointment to his political friends. Disraeli finished his speech with what amounted to an apology for his awkwardness, but with a promise that the time would come when they *would* hear him. The time did come, and they gladly heard him. Here was the first part of his work done by justifying himself to himself. The second part came when people of all ranks hung on his every word; when he came home from the Berlin conference bringing "peace with honour."

By way of approaching the subject from another angle, let us cite the case of James Watt and the steam engine. You will find in most school books an account of how, in his own way, he determined the amount of horsepower developed by the tea kettle to raise the lid, the principle of his condenser as worked out by a tea cup, and the scolding he got for wasting his time. It took him eight years to put his boyhood dreams into effect.

The steam engine naturally brings us to the need of a brake. The great majority of us are familiar with the air-brake of today, but do we all know that when the inventor tried to interview possible users he was

called a fool? The steam engine and the air-brake have become national institutions, but the men who made them so had a long weary road to travel before such a result was possible; and they stand out today as monuments to personal confidence justified and intensified by an admiring world.

There's so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it badly behooves any of us
To speak ill of the rest of us.

We have all sinned in the matter of personal egotism, though not always in the same direction. It is therefore not the intention of the writer to approach the subject except as a fellow-sinner, and consequently with a fellow-feeling.

Mark the man who is always chalking up his own achievements and reciting his own virtues: sooner or later his position will be untenable—he's an egotist, with perhaps little or nothing to back him up. The man who waits for others to sing his praises may have a long wait, but he will not have made himself look foolish; and his reputation once established will rest on a secure foundation.

We must have confidence in ourselves before expecting it from others; we must stake our claim and prove that the mine contains the metal we believed to be there. Once that is done results will come as the night follows the day. Confidence creates confidence. It should therefore be an easy matter to create a world based on confidence between man and his fellow man. How are we going to do it? "Do unto others as ye would others should do unto you" is a motto that will cause us to develop a little ego when estimating our dues from the other fellow, but, if we in turn measure from the same bushel, our fellow man, in proportion to his modesty, will think handsomely of us. That motto and that standard will smooth out every wrinkle, from the common or garden row to the apparently most complicated international dispute.

If any of our readers can assist the writer of the following letter received lately at Winnipeg, we shall be glad to hear from them:

Dear Sirs: I am interested, in behalf of the Calgary Historical Society, regarding the origin of place names in the province of Alberta.

Undoubtedly the Hudson's Bay Company has named a great number of places and I wonder if your Company has a complete record of the origin, meaning, date, etc., of these names.

Any information you can give me that would be of interest, or any person to whom you can direct me, would be very gratefully received.

(Signed) P. A. CARSON,
of Carson & Carson, Canada Life Building, Calgary.

"Speed" Brown

(The more hurry the less speed)

By ARABUS

HOW many business people, during the winter months when they should be up and about, give themselves another five minutes in bed, and then another, until the five minutes become ten, and so on. Some folks seem to sense instinctively when the thermometer drops low, and, while it is not the cold they mind so much when actually out in it, the thought of rising from a very comfortable and warm bed makes them look at the clock or watch and say, "Just another five minutes." Thus it was with Brown.

Now, Brown lived about three-quarters of a mile from the office, and it was his boast that he could get up, dress, toilet, and breakfast and be at his desk on time, all inside of thirty minutes, which was what Brown termed speed. In fact, speed was the outstanding feature in Brown's personality, so much so that he was known to his colleagues as "Speed" Brown.

Came one morning when the thermometer registered around 40 degrees below zero and Brown looked at the clock and said, "Just five more minutes." But when Brown next looked at the time he found he had taken nearer ten minutes; so he hopped out of bed and started his morning's toilet with a speed that only Brown could attain. Unfortunately, however, on this particular morning, Brown, in his great hurry, cut that part of his neck known as "Adam's apple," owing to a slight slip of his razor, but that slip cost him five minutes more trying to stop the bleeding.

Brown next discovered that his back collar button was missing; then ensued a desperate search for that small but indispensable article. That collar button cost him five more minutes.

In lacing his boots, Brown broke his shoe lace. The lace was an old one and had been broken before, so it took him another three minutes to repair his shoe lace.

Brown's landlady was likewise gifted with a keen instinct in regard to cold weather, so, like Brown, she also remained a few minutes longer in bed before turning out, with the result that Brown lost another five minutes in waiting for his breakfast. It was then Speed Brown began to feel he was on the losing side, but still he got through his breakfast in remarkably quick time and, munching a piece of toast, took the verandah steps in one jump and was outside the gate in another.

Well did Brown know that if he kept to the main thoroughfares he would be hopelessly late. But Speed Brown had long ago mapped out the shortest route between his abode and the office. So, on this particular morning, Brown cut across many back yards, jumped numerous fences and ditches, until he finally arrived at a school which, by crossing its grounds, would bring Speed close to his objective, and here he began to

feel that there was a chance that he might yet make his office on time. At the far end of the school grounds was a long slide on which children were playing. Brown, seeing the slide, took it on the run and collided with a boy, lost his balance, fell heavily and broke his ankle; and so Speed Brown was beaten and spent the next few weeks in hospital.

When lying in the hospital, Brown learned that the building in which he worked had collapsed that morning at 9 a.m. sharp, and if he had been on time he also——

Speed says: "Always take five minutes extra in bed."

The Gold Nugget

By S. HODGKINSON, B.C. District.

ONCE upon a time, in a certain country where much gold had formerly been found, a boat arrived at an H.B.C. fur trading post carrying a very old man with white hair and beard, who was as carefully guarded by two strong men as if he had been their father.

Much curiosity was aroused in the village as to why so feeble an old man should venture into this rough and mountainous country, more particularly when it was learned that the party was bargaining for horses to enable them to continue their journey overland.

The story runs that this old man, when young and energetic so many years ago that no one was alive in that country who remembered him, had travelled there among the first in search of gold, but that he had found little of any consequence except for one nugget of such huge dimensions that, to his dismay, he found himself incapable of lifting from the ground unaided. After carefully marking the spot in his memory, he decided to return home and work hard at his former occupation until he had saved enough money to buy horses and engage some servants.

Many years elapsed, but hard times prevented him from fulfilling his wish, until, eventually finding himself failing in years, he made known his find in strict secrecy to two young men who had befriended him. Preparations were made and the trip carried out, but the nugget was not found. The old man stated that the country had changed so much with prospective oil wells and government improvements that he could no longer find his way.

Misfortune beset the three men on their return journey, when a swift cross-current on the river swamped and sunk their boat. The two younger men were able to extricate themselves and gain the safety of the shore, but the old man was so completely wrapped up in the past and his beard got so badly water-logged that he was swept away in the rushing water and was never seen or heard of again.

The question is, will an H.B.C. man ever find that nugget? And the question the H.B.C. man asks is, "Was there ever any blooming nugget?"

Annual Meeting of H.B.E.A. Vancouver

Employees of the Company, Numbering Over 550, the Guests of the Company at a Fine Post-Christmas Banquet

Recorded by F. S. GARNER, Associate Editor, Vancouver

ON Saturday evening, December 29th, the Imperial restaurant together with the two small dining rooms adjoining, resounded to the laughter and light-heartedness of the staff on the occasion of the annual meeting of the H.B.E.A. and the annual banquet, consisting of turkey, plum pudding and trimmings, graciously provided by the Company.

Promptly at 6.45, the general manager, H. T. Lockyer, who is also president of the association, made his way through the cheering throng and took his place at the head table, accompanied by Mrs. Lockyer; Dr. and Mrs. Ford; Rev. Dr. R. G. MacBeth; Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Rae; Mr. Frank Powel, last manager of the old Fort Langley store; Mrs. McDermid; W. S. King, manager of the Company's store in Nelson; C. H. French, manager B.C. district fur trade department, and Mrs. French; Mrs. Green, the first lady clerk to serve the Vancouver store; Capt. G. Foelmer, of the *Lady Kindersley*, and Mrs. Foelmer.

At the conclusion of the supper, the staff was entertained with a humorous song by Mr. Crane and a ventriloquial and mystic entertainment by R. Gardiner. Then followed the address of the president:

Dear Friends: In presenting to you this my seventh annual address, I would first of all take the opportunity of thanking you for the loyal support and splendid service rendered during the recent busy times.

As you know from personal experience, business during the past five or six weeks has been exceptionally brisk, commencing with our annual department managers' sale in the latter part of November and continuing immediately thereafter with our holiday trade, which, I am again pleased to say, was fully up to our expectations. You will probably be interested to know that, in spite of the fact that business in the Vancouver store was exceptionally good throughout the entire week immediately previous to Christmas, this showing was followed up by a volume being recorded on Monday last, Christmas Eve, which considerably exceeded any single day's total previously obtained in the Company's business here.

Let me also say that never at any time in the history of the Vancouver store was the spirit of team-work and genuine co-operation so manifest as during the recent busy period we have passed through. That our buyers selected the right merchandise is evidenced by the thousands of satisfied customers who did their Christmas shopping in our store, and that our superintendent provided efficient service is, I think, strikingly evidenced from the fact that, as head of the business, I have yet to receive anything in the shape of criticism or complaint. Considering the throngs which daily have crowded into the store, filling the elevators and taxing our resources to the limit, that everything should have passed off smoothly, without accident, and as I have stated, without complaint, is, I venture to say, something almost unique in retail merchandising.

Christmas Day just passed was my thirtieth in the Company's service, and I would like to say, when speaking to the staff generally, that the managers and buyers very kindly

presented me with a handsome silver cigar and ciragette box, together with a congratulatory address bearing their signatures. The gift, although coming as a great surprise to me, was greatly appreciated, but, if I may say so, I value and appreciate even more the kindly sentiment which was behind the action. These are the things which make life worth while.

Turning to matters immediately concerning the association, you will observe the treasurer's report shows a balance on hand of $1,629, and you will note that the association is performing useful work, particularly in connection with the welfare branch. Of course, there is a lot of work done in connection with the association which cannot be regarded along the line of dollars and cents. I refer to the personal attention to the sick and that spirit of brotherhood and sisterhood which permeates the operations of the association as a whole.

This spirit was strikingly demonstrated during the recent festive season, when some twenty-seven hampers containing seasonable delicacies were dispatched to both sick members of the staff and likewise to former employees of the Company.

Turning to the social and athletic branch, report of which from the chairman will be laid before you, I can only add to the remarks made by Mr. Gant by expressing my sincere regret that, owing to my extended duties, I had to be absent from Vancouver on the occasion of the annual picnic to Ganges Harbour on August 8th last.

I am glad to see some increasing activity in connection with various branches of athletic sports, such activity being doubtless due to a larger number of young men being in the service as compared with previous years. As one of those who believe in a reasonable amount of outdoor activity as an antidote to the sedentary lives which those of us engaged in this line of endeavour are more or less forced to live, I certainly hope to see our athletic branch undertaking even greater work during the coming season. We are still, unfortunately, lacking a permanent recreation ground and permanent home for our athletic activities, which, in a city like Vancouver and a province like British Columbia, with its wonderful all-the-year-round climate, is much to be deplored.

Owing to Mr. A. J. Watson's transfer to Victoria, where he assumed the management of the Company's store, it will be necessary for you to elect a vice-president in his stead. There is, fortunately, ample material to choose from among the senior members of the staff, many of whom have been associated with the business for upwards of a quarter of a century.

In conclusion, I would like personally to thank the officers and members of the executive for the splendid work they have done and the interest they have shown in the association during the past year. Let me extend to them—in fact, to you all—my most sincere wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year.

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

HENRY T. LOCKYER,
President.

At this juncture, addressing the president, it was moved by W. E. Townsend, seconded by F. Wilson, that the employees assembled at the annual dinner convey to the governor and directors of the Company through our general manager, Mr. Lockyer, a hearty vote of thanks in appreciation of the splendid banquet provided and to wish them each and everyone a happy and prosperous New Year. Then followed a song by Miss R. Bell, which was loudly applauded and graciously responded to by an encore.

Thus ended the first part of the evening's programme. The second part, which in past years took the form of a whist drive and dance, was departed from this year, C. H. French exhibiting a series of slides collected during his years of service in the wilder and more inaccessible parts of the north country. This proved to be a most interesting feature. The

slides covered such diverse fields as the habits of fish, big game, whales, walrus, Indian tribes and customs, the earlier and latter day ships of the Company, some of the Company's forts, and excursions into the Arctic circle.

The evening closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

The list of officers for the year just closed is as follows: Honorary president, James Thompson; president, H. T. Lockyer; vice-president, V. W. Adams; secretary-treasurer, E. L. Anderson; committee, Misses Morley, B. Blake, McFarlane, L. Andrews, O. Kelly, H. Turner; Messrs. W. E. Almas, D. Dale, H. R. P. Gant, F. Herbert, E. Williams, A. Taylor; chairman sports committee, E. Williams; chairman social committee, H. R. P. Gant.

Eight Commandments of Salesmanship

1. *Be Agreeable.* Other things being equal, I go to the store where the clerks try to please me. Exert yourself to make a pleasing impression on me, please. I appreciate it. Hence, dress well. Untidy clothes mean you don't care what I think of your appearance. Don't dress too well. That gives you an air of showing off. Cultivate a pleasing voice. Learn to converse entertainingly. Cut out all mannerisms. Be a gentleman, a lady.

2. *Know Your Goods.* Be prepared to answer all questions. If you're selling dry goods, know all about the kinds. If you're selling coffee, find out all about where all sorts of coffee come from, and all the points pertaining to coffee.

3. *Don't Argue.* Go with me in your talk, not against me. Lead, don't oppose. Don't show me where I am wrong. Dodge a square issue and show me wherein you are right. Suggest. Don't antagonize.

4. *Make Things Plain.* Don't use words I don't understand. You can explain the most complicated matters to anyone if you know your subject perfectly and practice using simple language. Don't air your technical knowledge and try to impress me. I want to be flattered, not awed.

5. *Tell the Truth.* Don't lie, or exaggerate, or mislead, or conceal. Let me feel that you are sincere, and that every statement you make is of par value. If you represent goods that need lying about, quit.

6. *Be Dependable.* Even in small things create the impression that whatever you promise is as much to be depended upon as your signed note. Be on time and "deliver the goods."

7. *Remember Names and Faces.* If you have not a natural gift for this, acquire it. No one likes to be forgotten. Talk about me, not yourself. I'm the one you want to win.

8. *Think Success.* Success begins in the mind. Radiate prosperity. Keep your chin up.—*The Courtesy Chain.*

Big H.B.C. Party at Winnipeg

Reported by T. F. REITH, Associate Editor, Winnipeg Retail

IF there were any persons in the huge gathering of over four hundred dancers and one hundred and twenty whist enthusiasts who did not thoroughly enjoy the big joint H.B.C. social held in Manitoba Hall the night of January 18th, we have yet to hear from them.

Probably this was the largest representative gathering of its kind of Hudson's Bay folks ever held in Winnipeg. Hilarity, good fellowship and action combined to form a dominant note that was irresistible. By 8.30 a whist drive was under way in the upper hall under the able management of Messrs. Mapstone and Cuthbert and was continued until 10.30. Dancing, however, was the popular mode of expressing one's freedom from business and home cares, and the large floor was crowded for every number. A splendid orchestra entered into the prevailing spirit of frolic and obliged with numerous encores. Upon entering the dance room, the large crystal ball at once arrested attention by its novel lighting effect. The hall lights were dimmed and spotlights thrown upon the revolving ball, whose many-coloured facets flittered tiny spots of light upon the dancers, giving the effect of a continual shower of confetti.

At intervals, several very pleasing selections were given by talented members of the staff: Miss Florrie Simpson, song, "Wonderful Mother of Mine;" Miss Rhoda Miles, song, "Marcheta;" A. H. Robinson, song, "Wonderful World of Romance;" Miss Louise Fraser, song, "In an Old Fashioned Town."

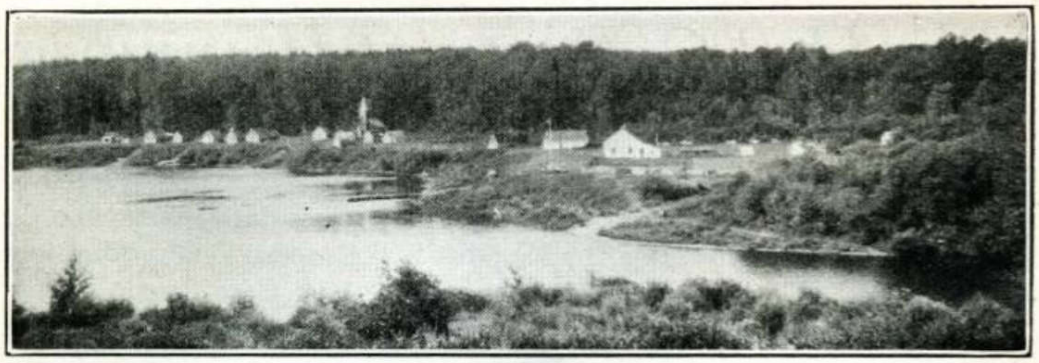
During the intermission, little Miss Doreen Watson charmed everybody with graceful Highland dancing in costume. An informal light supper was provided. Lady Nanton presented the prizes to the whist winners, and to each of the artists a box of chocolates. Her ladyship expressed great gratification at being able to take part in the merry party.

Immediately following the intermission, quadrilles was the order and many valiant attempts were made to dance them properly. Tom Johnston, M.C., finally gave up trying to instruct and joined in the *romp* as heartily as the others. Fox trots and waltzes to the strains of happily selected music were continued until 12.30.

There is an insistent demand for more such nights, so be prepared for another in February is the latest word from the entertainment committee. It is gratifying to report that the affair was successful financially, although the admission charge was small and the feast of entertainment large.

Winners of whist prizes were: Ladies' first, Mrs. Rosborough; second, Mrs. Ferguson, after a tie at 148 points; gentlemen's first, A. T. Wain; second, John Gallagher; consolation prize, Ladies', Nellie Blackburn.

Tom Johnston made an efficient master of ceremonies, while the genial Fred Parker, as chairman of the entertainment committee, was the right man in the right place.



British Columbia Posts

The first of a series of short articles and photographs covering every post in British Columbia district

By C. H. FRENCH, B.C. District

No. 1, McLeods Lake Post and Indian Village

ESTABLISHED in 1805, McLeods Lake post is regarded as the oldest H.B. post still in operation in British Columbia. The reserve has approximately sixty natives residing on it, with four white men living in close proximity. It has a Catholic mission church and is visited yearly by a priest.

The leather brigade of earlier times used the Peace, Parsnip and Pack rivers as their route from Chipewyan to B.C. points, and when reaching McLeods lake sometimes used a short overland route (90 miles) to Fort St. James and Fraser's lake.

The lake is thirteen miles long and well supplied with trout of varieties including the Arctic or grayling. In earlier days beaver and marten were extremely numerous.

Reached from Prince George by wagon road to Summit lake 32½ miles, thence by canoe or boat 80 miles to the post. This part of the route is by Crooked river, which has many small lakes bulging out along its winding course and at spots offers the finest fishing obtainable in any part of the province, as well as the most numerous crop of mosquitoes to be found in any part of the world.

A Gentleman

He who plays fair in the strenuous game of life; who is clean of body, mind and soul; who associates with honest men; who is courteous to friend and foe; who is too chivalrous to wound the feelings of others, and too sensible to lower his respect for himself; whose hopes and dreams are founded on the rock of determination; who meets victory without boasting, defeat without bitterness, and all life with a smile; who loves his friends, his country and his God—is a gentleman.—*Selected.*

Just Dad!

GEO. R. RAY, Moose Factory

Just Dad! Poor, fidgety, irritable Dad!
We hear a great deal about Mother:
She is praised both in verse and in song.
We're told that she loves like none other,
That to her all the virtues belong.
It's not that I wish to defraud her
Of a word of the praise that's her due,
But I'd have you pause to remember
That of parents each person has *two:*
There's Mother, whom nature provided,
And, for reasons beyond me to tell,
The Law of Creation decided
That each child must have Father as well.

Just Dad! Poor, fidgety, irritable Dad!
'Tis Mother who gets the affection—
She deserves it, I do not dispute—
But, on calm and sober reflection,
There's a claim that we cannot refute.
There's one who provides the finances,
All the money for Dan's college fees,
For house bills, Gwen's costumes and dances,
So that all but himself live at ease;
There's one who is plodding and tireless,
Who receives little credit or thanks,
Whose life is both thorny and loveless,
Who in joy-stakes draws nothing but blanks.

Just Dad! Poor, fidgety, irritable Dad!
He's fierce of eye and he's stern of mien,
He seldom smiles at the jokes he hears;
He says sharp words that he does not mean,
The thought of which brings him near to tears.
With yearning heart, he receives each morn
The ice-cold peck of his daughter Gwen
And careless nod from his eldest born,
Who draws so heavily now and then.
Gwen, what is the matter? Give him a kiss;
One with some heart in it—Jack won't miss
One out of many—and Dan, do you
Throw your arm round him, give him one too.
Hang it! He'll like it,
Will Dad. Poor fidgety, irritable Dad!

Stay With the Game

Play the game! Play the game!
'Tis a hard, steep road to wealth and fame:
Harder and steeper than you've been told,
For neither is easy to get or hold.
But win or lose—the battle's rife—
Stay-with-it's the thing to do.
For it isn't so much what you make of life;
It is what life makes of you.

Don't give way! Don't give way!
'Tis the never-say-die who gains the day.
It is easy to quit or join the mob,
But the man who wins keeps on the job.
You've set your limit in Fortune's strife
When you stop up and say you're through.
And it isn't so much what you make of life;
It is what life makes of you.

—*R.W.*

The Husky's Dream of Paradise

By S 2.

At last, when all tripping is over
And the harness is hung up and dried,
When the oldest post boss is pensioned
And the youngest apprentice has died,
We shall rest—and, by heck, we shall need it!
Lie down for an age or two,
Till God, who loveth the husky,
Shall dish out the jobs anew.
Then those who've been good will be happy.
They shall lie on a soft bed of brush,
Just full up with porridge and moosemeat
And never a murmur of "Mush!"

The husky dogs then will be drivers,
With fat bosses hauling the sleds,
Kept three or four days without eating
And the cold frozen snow for their beds.
They shall haul till they drop by the trail side,
And if they should freeze on the jobs
Shall find on the camp place a notice:
"These tents are reserved for the dogs."
Cheer up, huskies! don't be down-hearted;
You shall have a good time bye-and-by;
Though on earth you are only the huskies,
You'll all be post bosses on high.

News From Stores, Posts and Branches

Vancouver

PRESENTATION TO MR. LOCKYER

The occasion of H. T. Lockyer's thirtieth Christmas in the Company's service was commemorated by the buyers and managers of the Vancouver store by the gift of a sterling cigar and cigarette box, which was suitably engraved with the monogram "H.T.L." and the words "Vancouver 1893 till 1923." Accompanying the little gift was the following letter:

Hudson's Bay Company
Vancouver, B.C.

Christmas, 1923.

Mr. Lockyer:

We, the undersigned, buyers and managers, desire to congratulate you on the occasion of your thirtieth Christmas in the Company's Service in this city, and as a token of our esteem ask you to accept this small gift with the hope you will be spared many years to enjoy its usefulness.

Taking this opportunity of wishing you and yours a merry Christmas and happy New Year, we remain faithfully yours,

R. F. Allen	F. A. Wilson
F. Herbert	S. D. Wilson
V. W. Adams	C. M. Poole
W. J. Peppett	F. T. Adams
W. E. Townsend	B. M. Clarke
W. H. Sharpe	H. R. P. Gant
G. R. Hearns	Rosina Smith
W. W. Fraser	C. B. Booth
J. B. Knechtle	J. Macbeth Green
A. Mackie	G. Sewell
E. Gowan	A. Sparling
K. Currie	F. D. Gore
A. K. Smith	E. Andrew
W. E. Almas	Charles Skelly
W. J. McLaughlin	F. S. Garner
David Dale	Geo. Crump
Jas. F. Hudson	C. L. Greer

Another gift which the general manager received this Christmas came in the shape of the largest Christmas Eve business ever enjoyed by the Company's store in Vancouver—a fitting reward for his thirtieth Christmas in the Company's service, proving that the public recognizes the H.B. Company's store here (of which Mr. Lockyer has been manager for the past twenty-seven years) as an institution dedicated to their service.

—

LOCATION OF DEPARTMENTS

The children's hose department is again located in its regular place on the main floor.

The silverware section has been moved to the lower main floor. You are invited to visit it in its new location.

The toy department is now on the lower main floor. Please remember this when asked by customers.

—

OUR CLOSING HOUR

We wish to correct a misunderstanding regarding our closing hour. We close at 6 o'clock each day (except Wednesday, when we close at 1) not at 5.30, as many seem to think. We are induced to mention this because from 5.30 to 6 p.m. seems to be accepted as a period of preparation for going home. Customers are not coming into a store at 5.30 unless they have a motive for doing so. They are entitled to courteous and prompt attention as long as they are in the store.

—

LOST IN YOUR OWN STORE

This was the title of a little article published a short time ago in *Bullock's Way*. It spoke of a customer asking for a certain article and before finding the right location six persons were interviewed by the customer. Five of those questioned were lost in their own store. They didn't know where the article was located.

It came to my attention some days ago when a customer asking for a department was told first that it was on the sixth floor. Going there, he was told that the department was on the third floor. Going to the

third floor, he was told it was not there, but was on the lower main floor.

Stop and think! How many times today did you say to customers "I don't know," or "I think it's in such-and-such department"? This is a serious question. It should have more than a passing thought. If you don't know where an article is, ask a floor manager, so that the customer may be rightly directed.

—

GENERAL MANAGERS' CONFERENCE

The second conference of the general managers of the stores department of the Hudson's Bay Company (since its recent reorganization) went into session at the Company's store here on Tuesday, the 8th of January. Those in attendance included Messrs. H. T. Lockyer, general manager of the Company's stores in British Columbia; P. J. Parker, general manager of the Company's stores in Alberta; W. H. Cooke, general manager of the Manitoba and Saskatchewan stores. The conference continued until Saturday evening, January 12th. Many very important subjects dealing with the Company's stores policy in general were discussed.

Messrs. Cooke and Parker (in company with Mr. Lockyer) left on Sunday, January 13th, for Victoria, where they visited the Company's store before returning to their respective headquarters.

—

HOCKEY—HOBOES DEFEAT VAGRANTS

Due probably to the recent cold snap, a great deal of interest was aroused among the staff in hockey. Two teams were formed and, assuming the names of "Hoboes" and "Vagrants," prepared to battle for supremacy—and then came a thaw on the day before the game was to be played! The game simply had to be played, and so we rented the Arena for an hour on Thursday night, Dec. 10th.

Most of the men have not played for four or five years, with the result that the hockey dished out was rather erratic and the stickhandling uncertain. On the other hand, everyone took a keen interest in the game. Everything considered, the play was very good. About seventy people from the store witnessed the contest.

The outstanding man of the game was Joe Hamm, who netted two goals for the Hoboes. He was a leading factor in their winning the game. P. Herbert played well and also netted two. Greenwood scored one goal. The defence was airtight; Hearns, Timmins and E. Herbert were impregnable.

The Vagrants' only tally came in the third period, when Smith shot from the blue line. The puck passed through a maze of players and sagged the net. The goalie never got a chance to see it. The outstanding players for the losing team were Wilson and Anderson, who were consistent workers all through the game. Pat Logue in goal played a very good game, and stopped many shots; Bowcott played a good defence game.

The lineup was as follows:

Hoboes		*Vagrants*
E. Herbert	Goal	P. Logue
G. Hearns	Point	R. Bowcott
P. Timmins	C. Point	R. Leany
J. Hamm	Rover	E. A. Wilson
E. Williams	Centre	J. McLean
P. Herbert	Left	E. Anderson
Rutherford	Right	H. Adams
Cummings	Sub.	A. K. Smith
Greenwood	Sub.	C. Porer
	Sub.	Thomlinson

—

A. Sparling, men's and boys' clothing, has left on an eastern buying trip. We may begin to look for some natty new clothing soon.

S. D. Wilson, boots and shoes, is visiting the Company's stores regarding requirements for the coming season. We wish him the best of luck.

TASTE TELLS

The stingiest man was scoring the hired man for his extravagance in wanting to carry a lantern in going to call on his best girl.

"The idea!" he scoffed. "When I was courtin' I never carried no lantern; I went in the dark."

The hired man proceeded to fill the lantern.

"Yes," he said sadly, "and see what you got."

Victoria

ANNUAL BANQUET A BIG SUCCESS

On Saturday evening, December 29th, over three hundred members of our staff were the guests of the Company at the third annual banquet which was held in the big dining hall on the fourth floor.

The occasion was also the annual meeting of the employees' association. A. J. Watson, president of the association and manager of the store, officiated as chairman, and during the evening was loudly cheered and heartily thanked for his services as head of the organization.

H. T. Lockyer, general manager of the B.C. stores, was unanimously elected honourary president. Mr. Watson was re-elected president, with J. S. Horne and W. T. Edgecombe as vice-presidents. T. Wilkinson and W. V. Merryweather were reappointed to the respective posts of secretary and treasurer.

Members of the new executive are: Mrs. Stedman, Mrs. Gleason, the Misses Dawson, Taylor, Kempton, Gillespie and Messrs. Walter Starke, J. Cassidy, A. R. Mann, C. Nicholls, Percy Shrimpton and R. W. Savage.

Mr. Watson, after the gathering had enjoyed a most sumptuous repast, expressed his thanks to the employees for the efficient service they had rendered in the Company's store. He said that the local institution had enjoyed a larger volume of Christmas business that year than during any similar period previously.

Greetings were read from H. T. Lockyer, the Vancouver store employees, and E. H. Wilson, of the land department.

After the annual reports of the officers were read and adopted, the employees repaired to the private dining room, where lantern slides of the picnic held last summer were shown by Alfred Huxtable, the views having been taken by J. A. Grant. The natural coloured photographic shades were kindly loaned by A. H. Maynard.

During the remainder of the evening dancing proved an enjoyable feature, the music being supplied by the Hudson's Bay orchestra under the leadership of R. H. Rhimes. In the adjoining room a whist drive was in progress, the results being as follows: Ladies' first, Mrs. A. E. Haines; gentlemen's first, R. Eaton; ladies' consolation prize, Mrs. Cunningham; gentlemen's, W. G. Florence.

The raffle for the big teddy bear was won by Miss Caroline Poore.

—

VISIT OF GENERAL MANAGERS

P. J. Parker, general manager of the Alberta stores, and W. H. Cooke, general manager of the Manitoba and Saskatchewan stores, with our own general manager, H. T. Lockyer, paid a visit to Victoria in the early part of last month. Accompanied by A. J. Watson, they visited several places of interest around Victoria.

We trust our prairie visitors were impressed not only with the beauties of our city but with the excellence of our climate.

—

FOX FARMING ON VANCOUVER ISLAND

Great interest has been displayed in the silver fox furs made from foxes born and raised in the vicinity of Victoria. Some very fine specimens were recently shown in our windows in the form of scarves made up in our fur workroom. The animals from which the pelts were taken were born last March on Mr. Morrison's ranch at Royal Oak.

R. Chas. Gordon, manager of the fur department, who a year ago was somewhat skeptical as to the possibilities of fox farming here, after visiting some of the ranches and seeing some of the young grown to maturity now believes that there is no finer place in Canada for raising these valuable fur bearing animals.

The animals born last spring have not only developed to a large size, but have deep full fur of a fine texture and are just as prime as those raised in colder climates.

—

In the January issue of *The Beaver* an article appeared in connection with the doll dressing competition held during the early part of December.

Our attention has been drawn to a certain inaccuracy contained therein to

the effect that sewing was not one of the subjects taken in the Victoria schools.

We are indebted to Miss M. M. Brown for the information that hand sewing is taught in the fifth and sixth grades of Victoria public schools.

Miss Doris Oldershaw has become engaged and congratulations are in order.

Miss Oldershaw, who has been in the Company's service since the opening of Victoria store, resigned her position at the end of January.

Nelson

We welcome Miss Thelma Heddle, who has replaced Miss Cruickshank in the office.

Miss Marion Reid, who has been with us as a member of the office staff for the past few months, returned to her home in Vancouver recently.

Miss M. Irving is now on the office staff. Trail smoke was too much for her and she will make her home here in the Queen City of the Kootenays.

Curling is now in full swing. G. A. Bladworth, our accountant, is skipping a team this year.

Mrs. G. E. Steel, of Pasadena, California, has joined the staff at the notion counter. We welcome her.

Miss Jessie Fowles has taken up residence on Mines Road next to the skating arena. The staff are invited in for tea on cold hockey match nights.

Mrs. B. Bourne, who for the past two years has been on the staff of the dry goods department, left Christmas week for Vancouver, where she expects to make her home for the future.

Miss Jean Cruickshank, of the office staff, left recenty for Los Angeles, California, where she expects to reside. We are hoping to see Jean's smiling face on the screen as a popular movie star in the near future.

Mrs. W. Durham, of Calgary, *nee* Miss A. Wall, who was clerk in the crockery department before her marriage, was renewing acquaintances in the store New Year week.

We enjoyed a visit recently from some of the heads of the Vancouver store on a tour of inspection: S. D. Wilson, superintendent of boots and shoes in the Company service; B. M. Clarke, the merchandise manager of the Vancouver store; Arthur Sparling, manager of the men's and boys' clothing departments; C. G. Calbeck, buyer of the groceries at the wholesale depot, Water street.

We welcome these experts from the larger Vancouver store, and shall look forward to a return visit, as the information in reference to markets is always acceptable and we can always learn of some new merchandise or some new manufacturer, which is beneficial to business.

Our manager, W. S. King, was called to Vancouver after the Christmas rush for a managers' conference. Owing to the heavy snow in the mountains, the train was held up for 21 hours, but the delay was a blessing in disguise, as Mr. King reached Vancouver one hour before the annual staff banquet and was favoured with an invitation from Mr. Lockyer to join the Vancouver staff in their "At Home." Mr. King reports that 550 smiling faces made up the happy family. Five hundred and fifty! Oh yes! but Nelson staff is growing too. Look out, Vancouver!

Kamloops

H. T. Lockyer, general manager for British Columbia stores, visited this branch on business during last month.

Miss Barr is having a nice vacation before spring opening down at Vancouver.

Was it gout that A. A. Milne had? We always thought it came out at the foot. However we are glad he is back to normal.

Will all the *budding poets* on the staff please finish their promised contributions to *The Beaver*. It is hard tack *plowing a lone furrow*.

Miss Livingstone, of the Vernon store, was in Kamloops last month, when she

looked over several ranges of travellers' samples in conjunction with Miss Sanderson at this branch.

Although the weather is comparatively mild, skating, curling and tobogganing are being enjoyed by young and old alike. The Kamloops bowling club game scheduled for Christmas morning had to be postponed at the last minute as snow fell Christmas eve.

Harry Campbell wants to know what pin tickets were invented for? He says that after getting down on his knees to pick them up off the carpet and getting his fingers stuck that he finds the English language *impoverished* of words of expression.

He was a disappointed man returning from a day's fishing without getting a bite. On passing the fish store he espied some lovely salmon on sale. "Throw me six of those salmon," he said. "Why throw them?" asked the fish merchant. "So that I can tell my wife, without a lie, that I caught them."

Vernon

At time of writing Mr. Pout, our manager, is confined in the Vernon Jubilee Hospital with an attack of pleurisy. We all wish him a speedy recovery.

TURNOVER COUNTS

"The average woman has a vocabulary of only eight hundred words. It is a small stock, but think of the turnover," says the *Oakland Tribune*.

—

UP-TO-DATE

A Winnipeg man entered a local store and inquired for the publicity department. The floorwalker promptly led him to the hosiery counter.

—

NOT A FAMILY AFFAIR

Judge—Are you married?

Prisoner—No, I got this black eye from a friend.

Lethbridge

Miss Jones, on her first skating party, fell once, then mildly remarked to a friend: "Doesn't that ice hit hard?"

Bryan, the four year old son of Mr. Robertson, met with an accident from a seven passenger McLaughlin recently, receiving a badly damaged collar bone. We are pleased that he is now well on to complete recovery.

One of the Scottish members of the staff went for a hair-cut the other day. The barber just took the whisk, brushed off his coat collar and called out, "Next, please."

Our weekly skating parties on Henderson lake in front of our clubhouse have been well patronized by large numbers of the staff and their friends. Hot dogs, hot coffee and sandwiches are always served by the ladies and most enjoyable times are had.

Mr. Cape would like to know why the young "bucks" of the staff fail to rise to the occasion when the S.O.S. goes up from the throats of the young ladies of the staff who are aspiring for skating honours at the Olympic games in France. It's ever thus—the old boys are always the braves.

Another prospective saleslady for the infants'-wear department, bearing the *Seal of Quality*, has arrived by stork express in the form of a fine baby girl at the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. K. Sangster on the night of Saturday, Jan. 12th. Mother and daughter are doing well.

—

Never bear more than one trouble at a time. Some people bear three—all they have had, all they now have and all they expect to have.

—

Earnest inquirer (collecting statistics for work on temperance)—"And how many glasses of beer do you drink in a day?"

The Person—"Well, I can't say, guv'nor. Some days about twenty or thirty, and then again another day perhaps I might 'ave quite a lot."

Calgary

DEATH OF JACK ANDREWS

We sincerely regret having to announce in this issue the death of one of our oldest employees, Jack Andrews. Mr. Andrews had been suffering for some time with lung trouble and after an illness of several weeks passed away. He had been with the Company for over six years. We extend to Mrs. Andrews our sincere sympathy.

—

WELFARE ASSOCIATION ELECTION OF OFFICERS

The yearly election of members of the board of directors was held on Tuesday, January 15th, and the following are the members for the ensuing two-year term: J. B. Neal, R. W. Mason, A. D. Vair, J. Borthwick, Geo. Benson, Lou Doll, Len Letroy.

—

Curling is not supposed to be as dangerous as hockey. Charlie Tyrrell, one of the skips, suffered severe injuries at the curling rink, where he slipped on the ice, breaking his arm. As a result he will be off the game for the rest of the season. Charlie looked as if he had attempted to go through the Calgary Tigers defence single handed.

—

SPORT

Hockey—Hockey interest in Calgary this year is at high pitch, the Hudson's Bay Company sharing some of the honours. The hockey club is formed this winter in connection with the employees' association, and a team is entered in the city commercial league under the able managership of Rus Gibson, and have *cleaned up* so far. They have engaged in three contests and have been victorious by a large margin in each game. Their opponents have been: Technical High School, Post Office, and Ashdowns Limited. Our players responsible for the victories are: Timmons, Dexter, Fidler, Gibson, Lewis, Ripley, Hopkins, Hickey, Letroy and Martin.

Bowling—At the beginning of the bowling season a team was entered in the commercial American five-pin league and has been successful in winning the championship of the first half of the schedule. This schedule consists of nine games and our bowlers proved their prowess by taking the large end of the scores. Our bowlers are: Geo. Salter, Bill Ilott, Bill Hammond, Rus. Gibson and Harry Black. Not only have they won the championship of the league, but also hold the highest single score, and also three-string score for the league.

Curling—It appears that enthusiasm in curling is gaining year by year, and this season the Hudson's Bay Company league is again in full swing and commanding a large amount of interest. The games are played Wednesday afternoons and a schedule has been drawn up for ten rinks, the skips of which are as follows:

G. H. Edmison	Chas. Tyrrell
J. Shapter	J. B. Neal
W. P. Spaulding	Joe Campbell
F. Cleary	R. W. Mason
Geo. Salter	D. W. Hutchinson

To date three games have been played and the honours have been fairly well divided. The scores and the rinks will be published in the next issue of *The Beaver*.

Winter Carnival—Calgary is preparing for the big winter carnival which is being staged February 14th and the Hudson's Bay Company has entered a candidate. Peggy Oneil is being entered as the Irish queen candidate. We wish Miss Oneil every success in the contest and feel certain that she will carry off honours for the Hudson's Bay Company.

—

HOCKEY CLUB DANCE

The social activities of this month are centred on the hockey club dance, which is being held for members of the staff and their friends on January 16th at the Plaza.

—

GRAND THEATRE ENTERTAINS

Each year the Grand theatre entertains the Calgary staff, and on Tuesday, January 15th, the management of the theatre presented us with two hundred tickets for the play "Common Clay." As this amount does not cover the entire staff, they are also presenting us with two hun-

dred more for Tuesday, January 22nd. We greatly appreciate the kindness of the Grand theatre management.

—

Mr. P. J. Parker, general manager Alberta stores, spent a few days at Vancouver attending the general managers' conference.

M. G. Higgins, our popular merchandise manager, has left for Edmonton, where he will take charge of the carpets and draperies department. Mr. Higgins' *large* presence will be greatly missed. Someone remarked that there will be more room on the golf course next summer.

We are also losing George Salter, manager of the furniture department, who has accepted a position with a large Montreal firm and will be leaving the end of the month to take up his new duties. Mr. Salter has been a very popular member of the staff and has been untiring in endeavouring to promote good sport and good fellowship in the store. He has served for a number of years on the board of directors of the employees' association. We wish him success in his undertaking.

We are pleased to note that Florence Boucher is again with us after an illness of several weeks.

Edmonton

HISTORICAL RELICS

The Hudson's Bay Company has presented to the province of Alberta the two old brass cannon which were in the custody of W. T. Livock, retired chief factor, and for many years occupied part of the lawn in front of his home in Edmonton. Mr. Livock, on his retiring to England last fall, returned the guns to the Company. These two cannon originally belonged to the old Fort Edmonton. The following inscription is being placed on them by the Alberta government:

"This cannon formed part of the armament of Fort Edmonton, which formerly occupied this site, and was presented in 1923 to the province of Alberta by the Hudson's Bay Company as a memorial of the period of the Company's regime."

GIRLS' H.B.C. HOCKEY TEAM

For the first time in the history of the store, we have been successful in organising a ladies' hockey team.

We are fortunate in having the services of Jean Robertson (captain) who played for Edmonton last season against Calgary and Banff. Three challenges have been received from other ladies' hockey teams in the city, and games will be pulled off in the near future. A practice match was played against a team of men picked from the store and—would you believe it!—the girls beat the men by a score of 1-0.

The ladies' team were: Jean Robertson (captain), Etheleen McEwen, Ruby See, Nellie Nicholson, Katherine Walsh, Bessie Semple, Sally Atwell, Jean Haffie, Mollie Kirton and Genevieve Fader. The men's team: Hanna, Ballard, Hill, Prest, Hawes and Mellan.

Notes on the Game

Genevieve Fader was extra well padded and loomed up like a mountain in the goal mouth.

It is said that Jack Prest, for the first time in his life, was against the girls.

When it comes to playing hockey, we must hand it to Jean Robertson. She was a wizard on skates.

George Hawes may be a real hockey player some day if he puts into practice the tips given him by his young son.

Hill in goal for the men gave a masterly exhibition of the game and was solely responsible for the only shot which was put in getting past him.

MEN'S HOCKEY LEAGUE

A hockey league has been formed in connection with the store. The three teams entered represent the shipping room, wholesale, and retail store clerks. A good brand of hockey is being exhibited, the teams being evenly matched.

For the shipping room, Kenny and W. Stevens are the white hen's chicks, while their versatile goalie, Porky Wilson, is a great asset to the team.

The retail is a team which plays clever combination, although a little on the light side. Every member of this aggregation is a clever stick handler.

The wholesale are a heavy bunch and can use their weight. Their stars are Haight and Blackwood.

—

Mr. Jacobs, of the fur department, is a newcomer whom we are pleased to welcome.

Mr. Fulton, acting department manager of the men's clothing department, is once again back at the store after a week's sickness.

We are pleased to welcome H. G. Higgins, recently merchandise manager, Calgary store, to take charge of the carpets, draperies and furniture departments.

Another epidemic of engagements has hit the store, the latest additions to the ranks of prospective brides being Miss Ivy Marshall, Miss Elizabeth Drew, of the mail order department, and Miss Hill, of the cashiers.

Doris McLeod, secretary of our sick benefit association, was the recipient of a leather suit case and an ivory travelling set as a small token of the staff's appreciation of her services in the above capacity during the past year. H. G. Munro, general manager, made the presentation.

Mrs. McLean, of the linen department, has severed her connection with the store after eight years of faithful service. During this long period Mrs. McLean made a large number of friends, and we were more than sorry to hear that she was leaving us. Mr. Lockey, department manager of the staple section, with the staff of the department, presented her with a linen lunch set upon her departure.

Saskatoon Retail

HOCKEY A LA GREAT WAR

At the Arena, the morning after Christmas, about twenty stalwart Hudsonia athletes, or near athletes, turned out to demonstrate their hockey ability. After the boys were divided into opposing sides, they set a terrific pace for about three minutes, then the majority of the near athletes stopped almost to a walk to take inventory of their respiratory organs. When time was up, the roll called and the steam cleared away, "S.O.S." Wakeford, our sterling goalie and hero of many a notable struggle, had to have the attention of a surgeon and several stitches on his noble head. Jimmy Hall was also *hors de combat*, caused by a collision. He came-to after a while. Holding his head, he said, "What a wonderful Christmas I must have had."

The second work-out New Year's morning was a repetition of the first, Wat Herron taking the count when one of the players tried to leap-frog with him; several stitches from the surgeon's needle again being required.

We have no doubt enough excellent hockey material to make a real showing in fast company, and several challenges have been sent out.

—

On behalf of his many friends, Walter Hummitch was presented with a bottle of hair dye and a folding pocket moustache comb to help him care for his life-long ambition, a full-grown moustache. At time of writing, one had to look twice to see it once.

Here's hoping that out mutual friend and benefactor, Rudolph Victor Abbott, by the time this goes to press, will have cashed a hockey wager. He is a bear for punishment.

Miss McCormick, a newcomer, is now in charge of the post office.

Miss Paulson, of the notion department, has recently been transferred to the office.

Miss Madill, of the millinery department, Mr. Elsie, of the ready-to-wear, and Mr. Atkinson, of the gloves and hosiery, leave Saturday, 19th, on a buying trip to the east.

We are all sorry to hear that Mrs. McMillan, of the pattern department, is leaving us soon. We believe she has accepted a life job.

The library recently installed is largely patronized. Miss Hughes, a newcomer, is in charge.

We are all glad to hear that Mr. Horniblow, who has been ill for the past week, is progressing favourably.

The following have been elected as the officers of the Hudson's Bay employees' welfare association: R. Ballantyne, president; Misses Plante, Miller, Ireland, and Messrs. Hall, Campbell, Sheppard, Myrtle, McCartney and Wakeford. The enthusiasm displayed by the newly elected executive bespeaks a busy and enjoyable winter.

We regret to report that Miss Cowie, of the house furnishings department, has left for Los Angeles, where she will reside in future.

We welcome Mrs. Clark, who succeeds Miss Cowie.

We are sorry to learn that Miss Phyllis Horniblow, daughter of Fred Horniblow, manager of the furniture department, has been ill in St. Paul's hospital.

Saskatoon Wholesale

The H.B.C. wholesale have entered a team in the mercantile curling league and are in hopes of winning the Birney cup. At the time of writing the team has played two games, winning both. Members of the team are: L. H. Tupman, E. Johnston, J. Ash and G. R. Fogg.

Winnipeg

Wholesale-Depot

Mr. A. Knowles is with us once more after a brief illness.

Among the visitors to the depot during the holiday season were E. Johnson and John Sutherland. Both spent a few pleasant hours renewing old acquaintances, while the staff was very pleased to meet two popular ex-depot men.

A few of the members of the office force organized and carried out a very successful toboggan party recently. All went well and a most enjoyable time was spent. The only casualty was one black eye.

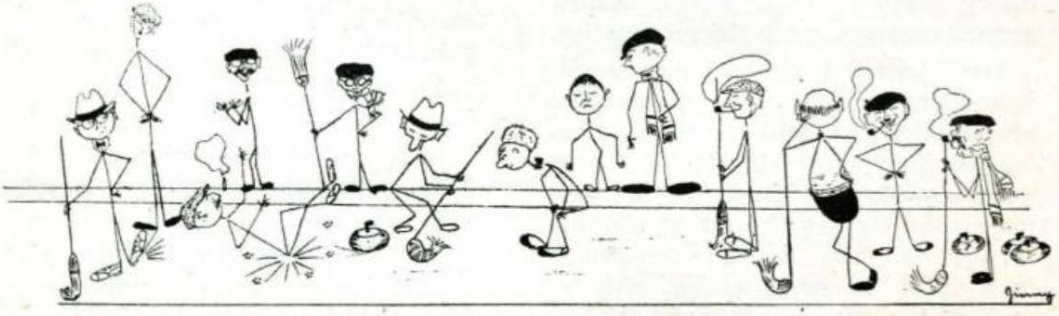
—

DEATH OF PHILIP SMITH

We regret to record the death at Vancouver on the 10th December, 1923, of Philip Smith, late of the stores administration offices. Mr. Smith entered the service at Winnipeg on the 10th August, 1911, as a clerk in the stores commissioner's office, and continued with that department until the 31st August last. While his health had not been good since last spring, there was no intimation of the serious malady which culminated in his demise at so early an age.

Mr. Smith was a general favourite with all with whom he came in contact, and his untimely death was a distinct shock to his large circle of friends and fellow employees.

He was born in London, England, on 4th October, 1879, and is mourned by a widow, now residing at Seattle, and by his brothers and sisters, resident in England.



Winnipeg Land Department in a Sportive Mood

Winnipeg Retail

Mr. Ogston's team started out with the headgear above depicted, but, after a series of reverses, discarded it for something more prosaic. It was found that while trying to balance these "*bannets*" and to admire their reflections in the ice, their opponents were rolling up points.

—

CURLING

Well, the first half of our season's schedule has been played, and so evenly matched are the teams that no less than four skips tied for top place with three wins and two losses each. These were Bowdler, Healy, Mills and Parker. Scott and Ogston were not so successful, but promise to do better during the second half of the programme.

The first games in this half were played Wednesday, January 16th, resulting in wins for Ogston over Mills, Bowdler over Healy, and Parker over Scott.

Thirty below zero was the temperature: a little too cold for thorough enjoyment of the sport—that is, by those who lost.

—

MISS F. MILLS LEAVES

A familiar face is missing from the drapery department—Miss F. Mills, who has been with us for over seven years, decided to take up home furnishing on a smaller scale. On leaving the store she was presented with a standard lamp with shade and a mahogany tray by her fellow workers. She was also the honour guest at a miscellaneous shower at the home of Miss Betty Craig, 56 Edmonton Street. The many be-ribboned gifts and the spirit of good fellowship which prevailed attested to the popularity of the bride. Sage words of advice regarding the future were freely given. Invited guests were: Mesdames Cunningham, Haven, Mills, Matthews, Ferguson, Turvey, Wiggins, Anderson and Wraggett; Misses M. and F. Mills, Gibbons, Boake, Smith, Hutchinson, Scotland, Chatelois, E. Craig, W. Craig, D. Craig, R. Craig, C. Sargent, H. McPhee, B. Evans, A. Parker, N. Senior, F. Winslow. Miss Mills' marriage to Mr. Markensky took place on January 15th. We extend our good wishes for happiness.

We would like to know if it is a horseshoe or a rabbit's foot that you carry with you, Mrs. Ferguson, to a whist drive? First prize at our Christmas party and tied for first at the big affair! Tut, tut! This is getting to be a habit.

Alterations proceed apace in the old store, so that soon old-timers will not recognise their former haunts. The silks are the latest to be extended and now boast a considerably enlarged department. The new side display windows are attracting much favourable comment and proving valuable as selling windows.

The advertising and mail order departments are very comfortable in their new home at the rear of carpet department.

Mrs. Ferguson and Nellie Monty, who look after the interests of the employees using the staff lunch room, were each made happy by receiving a Christmas gift from the girls of the store

The departure of Mr. Diamond, manager of silks, woollens and staples, has resulted in an addition to the staff in the person of A. T. G. Farquhar, who hails from Vancouver. We take this opportunity of extending to him a genuine welcome.

Mr. Fisher returned to harness January 14th and was the recipient of congratulations on his recovery from a serious operation.

Congratulations are in order for Winnie Fraser, of the office staff.

We are glad to welcome back Sidney Birch, of the bureau of adjustment, who has been ill for some time.

Jimmy, assistant timekeeper, one of the store's most popular young people, left the Company's employ early in December on a journey to Mexico. His brother is manager of a large ranch there and Jimmy has visions of becoming a cowboy. Before leaving, friends gave him a handsome suit case along with abundance of good wishes.

We are sorry to report that Miss Claney is ill. Latest news from her home is encouraging. We hope that her recovery will be rapid and complete.

George Ashbrooke, one of the most likeable and popular fellows, for several years manager of home furnishings and carpets at Winnipeg, has left the Company's employ to undertake the position of travelling salesman for a large eastern drapery house. He departed just a day or two prior to Christmas on a flying visit to his home in England before taking over his new duties. On leaving he was presented with an engraved silver cigarette case by friends and associates in the store.

Winnipeg General

We understand congratulations are in order to Miss L. E. Johnston, of the chief accountant's office.

The Charge of the Bite Brigade

(With apologies)

An Ode on an Episode of the Big Party

H.B.C., H.B.C.,
H.B.C. onward!
Into the dining room
Dashed the six hundred.
Forward the H.B.C.,
Charge for your cup of tea!
Into the deadly spree
Dashed the six hundred.

Forward the H.B.C.,
Fight in the wild melee!
Even glass eyes could see
Someone had blundered.
Theirs not to stand or stop,
Theirs but to grab and hop
Hot tea or ginger pop;
Sweethearts are sundered.
Over the dining room
Dashed the six hundred.

Teacups to right of them,
Teacups to left of them,
Starved hordes in front of them;
Poor Parker thundered.
Stormed at were cake and bun,
Bravely they served each one,
Into the jaws of Tom
Into the mouth of Nell,
Feeding six hundred.

Flashed all their white teeth, bare,
Cake-eaters stopped to stare,
Beat at their own affair;
Dining room plundered.
Back with their cups of tea,
Sugar lumps, one, two, three,
Laid on their sweeties' knee.
Noble six hundred.

When can their glory fade!
O, the wild charge they made.
Zimmerman wondered.
Honour the charge they made
On sandwich and lemonade.
Noble six hundred.

—*A Survivor.*

Land Department

DEATH OF MRS. H. F. HARMAN

It is with very great regret we announce the death of Mrs. H. F. Harman, wife of our Land Commissioner. Mrs. Harman passed away on Friday, January 18th, after a lingering and painful illness. She was a lady of high character and a delightful hostess, and was held in the greatest esteem by all who knew her. The deepest sympathy is extended by the staff of all branches of the service to our Land Commissioner and his family in their great loss.

Mrs. Harman was a native of England, but has been a resident in Canada for very many years. She leaves with Mr. Harman in his sorrow two sons and a daughter—Jeffrey, Fred and Zoe.

The funeral took place on Monday, January 21st, at 11 a.m., and was attended by Mr. Edward FitzGerald, representing the Hudson's Bay Company, along with the heads and many members of the staffs of all departments of the Company's service in Winnipeg. A large basket of pink roses was sent, conveying the sincere sympathy of the Company, and many other floral remembrances from the land department and friends in and out of the city. The land department offices at Winnipeg were closed from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. as a mark of respect and sympathy, and as a further token of respect, the Company's flags were at half-mast.

Arnold McQiston, who has been under doctor's orders since Christmas, is now convalescing, we are glad to say. He has been ordered off smoking. Tough luck, Mac.

We are glad to hear that Major Morrison is now sufficiently recovered from his severe attack of pneumonia to be out of the hospital. We hope he will soon be completely recovered and with us again.

—

MORTAL COMBAT ON THE ICE

A spectacular scrap took place on Jan. 3rd, when "Ye hair and skin" department met "Ye sons of ye soil" in mortal combat on the ice at the Terminal. Those who were eyewitnesses of the encounter will remember it to the day of their deaths and will hand it down to posterity as one of the snappiest and bloodcurdlingest events in H.B. history. "Ye H. & S." were led by the redoubtable Mr. Conn, who is famous as a scrapper and is said to shake a mean broom. However, it failed to shake with its accustomed meanness, and "Ye H. and S." weakened visibly from the beginning. For the most part the combatants were completely enveloped in clouds of feathers, dust, etc., and had it not been for B.M.'s flame-coloured toupee, which acted as a beacon for both sides, they would have lost each other in the general pandemonium. As it was, the bystanders were obliged to stretch their necks and one or two resorted to field-glasses and telescopes. After three weary hours "Ye H. and S." were rendered *hors de combat* and retired from the field to rub Zambuk on each others bruises, while "Ye S.O.Y.S." did ditto to gloat over a score that would have made a lobster blush.

Fur Trade

Athabasca District

After over forty years' occupation of the post at Athabasca Landing, the Hudson's Bay Company closes its business in the northern town.

C. C. Sinclair, Athabasca district fur trade manager for the Hudson's Bay Company, is back after a three-weeks inspection trip in the north, when he visited the various posts in the Wabiscaw area. There was just enough snow to make sleighing possible, but the ice on a number of the lakes was by no means safe, due to the late and open fall.

After Grouard the posts at Whitefish, Trout, Long and Wabiscaw lakes were visited, Mr. Sinclair reached the railroad again at Sawridge. The Indians in the north are in good shape; there is a good take of fur, foxes being especially plentiful, while there is no lack of meat, the Wabiscaw territory being a well-known moose country.

At Wabiscaw post the H.B.C. have a radio receiving set, with which remarkable results have been obtained. Though two hundred miles north of Edmonton the post has been in touch with Havana, Cuba, via the upper ether, while Omaha, San Francisco, Portland and other distant points in the United States have been heard from regularly.

While Mr. Sinclair was at Wabiscaw, the residents were listening in to a concert broadcasted in Calgary.

Colin MacDonald, a nineteen-year-old Edmonton youth who has been with the fur trade department here for the past three years, is now assistant to Vernon West, manager of the H.B.C. post at Whitefish lake.

Lac la Ronge

A radio has been established at the mission, greatly to the pleasure of all concerned. A few weeks ago Rev. C. F. Hines called an old Indian in to hear a lady sing through the radio. The old fellow put the head-set on his head and listened open-mouthed. He put the 'phones down in a hurry and said with a very sad countenance, "It is wrong to listen to God's angels." He rose and went his way muttering strangely.

—

HIAWATHA DOWN TO DATE

He killed the noble *mudjokwis*;
Of the skin he made his mittens;
Made them with the fur side inside;
Made them with the skin side outside;
He, to get the warm side inside,
Put the inside skin side outside;
He, to get the cold side outside,
Put the warm side fur side inside.
That's why he put the fur side inside,
Why he put the skin side outside,
Why he turned them inside outside.

—

Captain C. C. Brown, our local fisherman and the Lac la Ronge daily newspaper, by chance caught a trout last week—a real beauty. The trout increased so much in size when being landed that Brown and his assistant had to send out an S.O.S. Three dog teams answered the call and a large crowd gathered in excitement. Conjecture placed the weight of the trout at anything from 70 to 100 pounds. In deathly silence he was finally got out and taken to the store to be weighed, turning the scale at 21½ pounds. The crowd suddenly melted, wondering what all the excitement was about.

London Buying Office

One hears of the long and hard winters experienced by the fur posts in Northern Canada snowed up for a considerable part of the year, of the heavy snow storms in such cities as Winnipeg and Montreal, of Vancouver and Victoria where plenty of rain can be expected in season, and can only say that for the man hardy enough to stand such conditions of climate a Londoner should be hard to beat. The changeability of our atmospheric conditions has never been more amplified than during the past ten days—fog, rain, sleet or snow, freezing yesterday, rain to-day and perhaps fog to-morrow. Well, we are proud of it and offer our friends across the sea, snowed up for weeks, our commiserations for the dulness of their lot.
—*A.S.R.*

—

LONDON SNOW

Don't talk to me of a mantle of white:
I was out in the snow last night;
Pretty enough as it eddied down
On to the shining roads and brown,
But underfoot a disgusting mess,
As even a Londoner must confess.
Omnibuses a sheer despair,
And never a taxi anywhere.
None, that is, with the chance of a ride;
Of course, there were plenty with fares inside.
Hour after hour it was snowing hard,
But it didn't look like a Christmas card.
Enough, in places to ball on the heel
(Uncommonly nervous it made me feel)
Slip—slop—slip, and down we go,
Right in the midst of the London snow.

. . . . .

Except in the heart of a rural scene,
I think I prefer my Christmas green.
—*C.E.B.*

Hudson's Bay Imperial Mixture In U.S.A.

It is interesting to note that Hudson's Bay tobaccos are becoming more and more popular in the United States and that the demand for Imperial Mixture and Cut Plug is steadily increasing in spite of the high rate of duty on imported tobaccos.

In the neat little illustrated catalogue recently issued by Hargraft & Sons, Chicago, considerable space is given to Hudson's Bay tobaccos. The following extract from an interview of Stuart Hargraft in *The Tobacco Leaf* (New York) of December 1st makes instructive reading:

"I believe that the Hudson's Bay Imperial Mixture and Cut Plug is now today the largest selling brand of fine smoking tobaccos in Chicago and in all sections of the United States where fine smoking tobaccos are appreciated."

A Settled Conviction

That life insurance is the best means of securing one's self and his dependents against misfortune *must* become the conviction of every person who fairly considers all provident schemes that may be placed before him. On an absolutely non-speculative basis, there is no better revenue producing investment combined with complete protection than will be found in a life or endowment policy.

THE GREAT-WEST LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY
HEAD OFFICE, WINNIPEG

Remington Knives as Good as Their Rifles

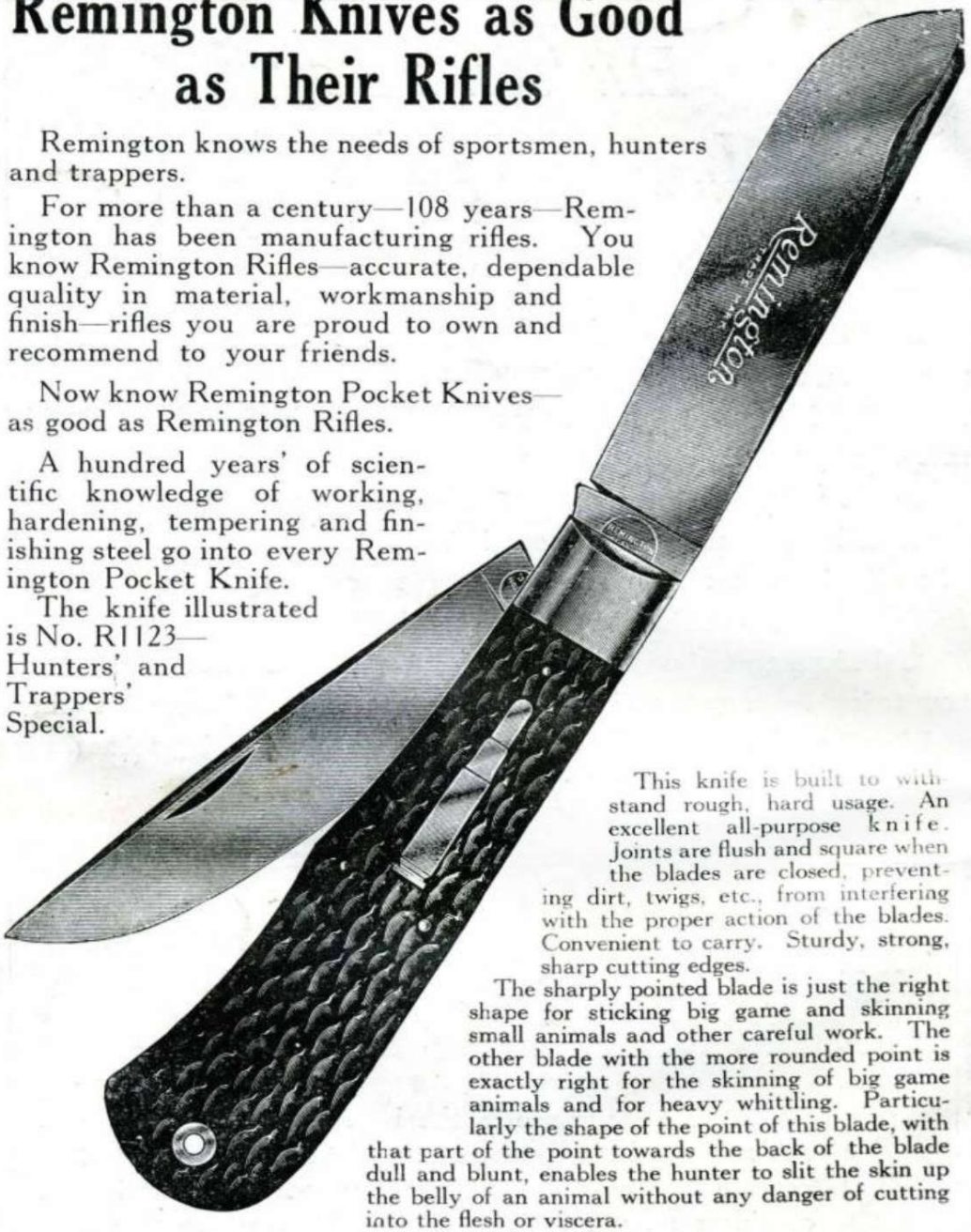
Remington knows the needs of sportsmen, hunters and trappers.

For more than a century—108 years—Remington has been manufacturing rifles. You know Remington Rifles—accurate, dependable quality in material, workmanship and finish—rifles you are proud to own and recommend to your friends.

Now know Remington Pocket Knives—as good as Remington Rifles.

A hundred years' of scientific knowledge of working, hardening, tempering and finishing steel go into every Remington Pocket Knife.

The knife illustrated is No. R1123—Hunters' and Trappers' Special.



This knife is built to withstand rough, hard usage. An excellent all-purpose knife. Joints are flush and square when the blades are closed, preventing dirt, twigs, etc., from interfering with the proper action of the blades. Convenient to carry. Sturdy, strong, sharp cutting edges.

The sharply pointed blade is just the right shape for sticking big game and skinning small animals and other careful work. The other blade with the more rounded point is exactly right for the skinning of big game animals and for heavy whittling. Particularly the shape of the point of this blade, with that part of the point towards the back of the blade dull and blunt, enables the hunter to slit the skin up the belly of an animal without any danger of cutting into the flesh or viscera.

No. R1123 Hunters' and Trappers' Knife. STAG HANDLE; Non-slip Grip; 2 Blades; Nickel Silver Bolster, Rivets and Cartridge Shield; Brass Lining. Hole in Butt for use of Leather Thong or Lanyard. Length, closed, 4½ inches.

Remington Arms Company, Inc., New York City. Established 1816

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